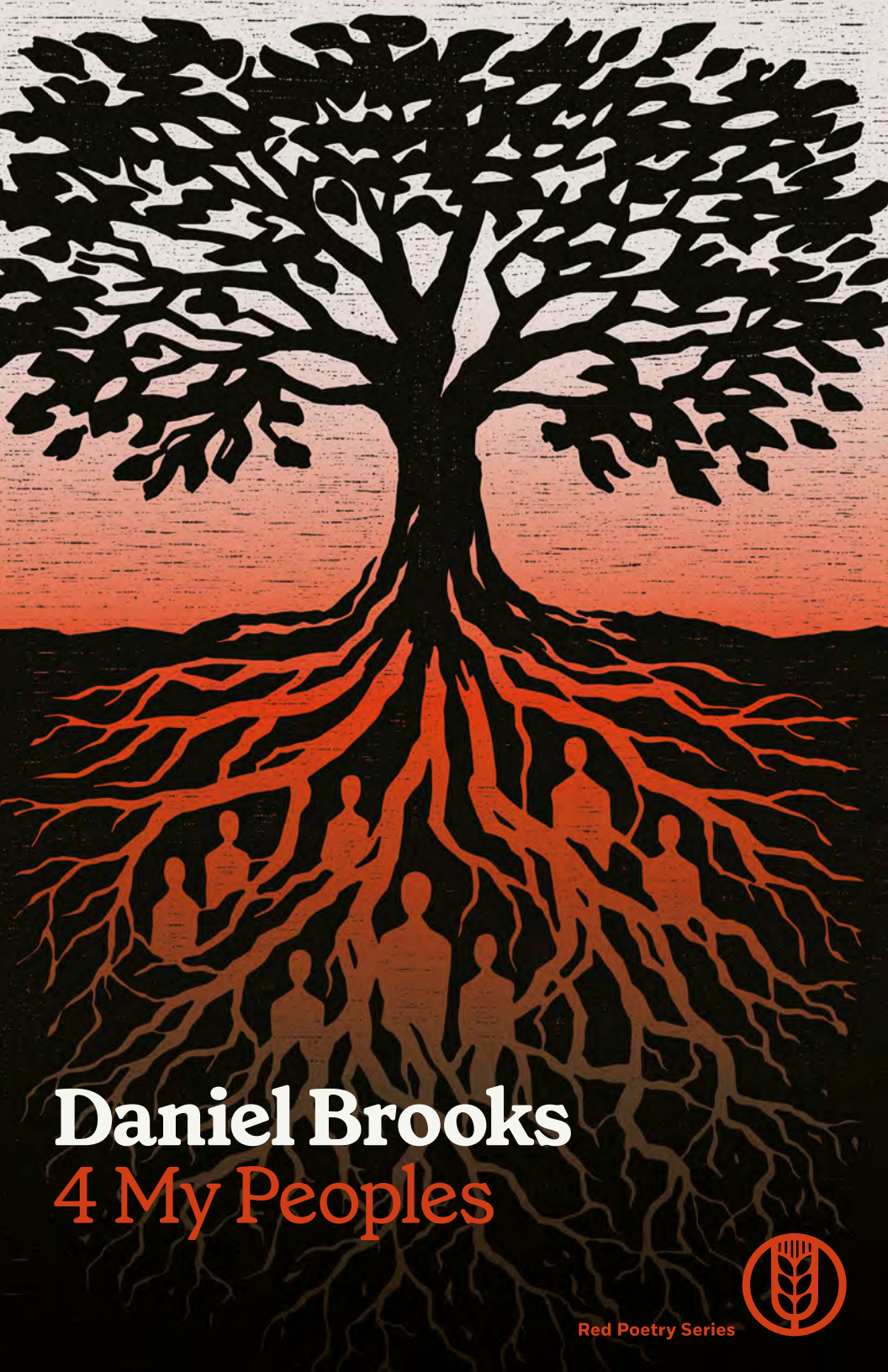

Daniel Brooks
4 My Peoples
Red Poetry Series

4 My Peoples

Published by *Iskra Books* © 2026

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

All rights reserved.
The moral rights of the author have been asserted.
Copyright © Daniel Brooks 2026

Iskra Books
www.iskrabooks.org
New York | Dublin | London

Iskra Books is an independent scholarly publisher—publishing original works of revolutionary theory, history, education, and art, as well as edited collections, new translations, and critical republications of older works.

ISBN-13: 979-8-2957-3531-8

The following poems have been previously published in the indicated publications: 'Digital World', *The Indianapolis Review*; 'For My People (Love Will Bring Us Back Together)', 'Essential Is Code for Disposable', *Kallatumba Press*; 'Independence Day', 'The Image That is Not', 'This Place', 'Thanksgiving', Spirit of Ruthie', 'Jumping the Broom with Strangers,' *Hawai'i Review*; 'The Definition of Terror', *Barrio Blues Press*; 'For the Little Ones', *People's Tribune*; 'War, Redefining Love' *Vagabond Books*; 'By Other Means', *The Global Struggle*; 'A New World Is Possible,' 'Southside Blues', 'The Tragedy of the White Man's World', 'Say Less', 'An Ode to Ancestors', *Hood Communist*.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

Library of Congress Cataloguing-in-Publication Data
A catalog record for this book is available from the Library of Congress

Cover design, illustrations, and book design by J. K. Hale.
Typesetting, and Proofing by David Peat.

4 My Peoples

A collection of poems by

Daniel Brooks

iskra books

The Youth

The day will come
when we'll laugh
about the way things
use to be
We'll cry
We'll rejoice
over how far
we came
but that day
is not today
and that day
will not be tomorrow
We prepare for days
we'll never see
so they'll laugh
so they'll cry
so they'll rejoice
so they'll see
what they've become

Independence Day

Cheers to new beginnings
& guaranteed endings.
Land ripped from the clutches
of indigenous people.
Their gods unrecognized,
severed from their being,
rulers decapitated,
Livelihoods erased like
bubbles not fully filled in.
Their bones eroding
in the narratives
of their masters.

Naptown Blues

The city is changing.
New shops, restaurants
& breweries.
The city is leaving most
behind to ask for change
or something to eat
to nap on sidewalks
& park benches.
The city wants those
who can afford its
luxury apartments.
The empty nesters, techies
& young professionals.
Anybody but them.
Anybody but us.
The city wants what it wants
& gets what it wants.

An Ode to Dawn

If I live today may
It be with hope
With dignity
If I live today may
It be without shame
Without repression
If I live today may
It be with integrity
With freedom
If I live today may
It be without doubt
Without resentment

The Definition of Terror

I heard screams muffled
by insidious laughter
I saw children carrying
on tradition
I heard voices
below telephone poles
I saw remains
charred beyond
recognition
I heard the crackle
of scorching bones
I saw teeth shoved
in pockets as souvenirs
I heard limbs severed
from the body
I saw tears streaming
down faces
I heard them
I saw them
I may have been
one of them

Connect 4

The highway accelerates the

demise of life in its convenience.

Connecting towns to cities, cities

to provinces, provinces to countries,

countries to continents transporting

what rips open the ozone layer,

fucking up the order of nature,

waging a revolution of its own.

Armed with artillery of restoration.

Your Economy

Put on your capes
and save the economy
An economy
that harms
An economy
that abandons
An economy
that crashes
every 4 to 6 years
Put your life
on the line
for meager wages
Put the lives
of children
and families
on the line
so rulers
can maintain
and increase
their profits
Put on your capes
and save a nation
that uses you
spits on you
then disposes you

For the Little Ones

Don't let anyone tell you
that you have your whole
life to do something.
Perhaps Trayvon, Mike
& Tamir were told the
same. They didn't have time
to make mistakes. They didn't
have time to make love.
They didn't have time to
figure things out. Time wasn't
afforded to them. Time
ripped from them.
Time leaked out of them.

From March ‘til TBD

This could’ve
been avoided
the line
between life
and death
a thread
or two
from snapping
This could’ve
been avoided
profit
over lives
capital
over humanity
a few
over most

A Crook's Prophecy

God loves us all
the same
but it's hard to tell
when the preacher
pulls up in a BMW
fists and wrists
of gold winnings
taken from communities.
Heads tilted to the sky
reuniting palms
channeling the word
singing with all
their being.
Lord, when's the last time
you made an offering,
coughed up crumpled
dollar bills, or filled out
one of those forms?

To Have Wings

O what a relief
it'd be to leave
leave leave
this planet
and be free.
O what a relief
it'd be to see
see see
beyond Earth
beyond trees
beyond what
life could be.

The Image That Is Not

We've seen enough of you
In television shows & magazines.
In movies & history books.
In well-off parts of town.
The master of narratives
Conquers, pioneers, settlers
Dimming the light of truth.
Bending it at its will bearing
Myths & presumptions.
The power to omit, erase, remove.

War

We are living in one big continuous war. Few differences between them, each having silly names masking crimes against humanity. Follow their CONTRA-dictions. Oil money gushing out of the pores of policymakers. Military personnel armed to the teeth over poppy fields. Flooding our neighborhoods with drugs then locking us up in cages. Who would have known that fighting terrorism with terrorism was just a way to preserve fascism? One corporation at a time. One war at a time. One casualty at a time. One regime at a time. One nation at a time.

Myth #1,584,245,073 about Poverty

Get a job

- *Settler Colonial Proverb*

This Place

I.
Lessons learned
The long hand ticks
Confessions churned
The right hand clicks

The left hand swipes
Someone's gone missing
The old man gripes
The spirit listens

Fight for thy right
Thumping thy chest
Squeeze for dear life
Last of those blessed

II.
Abandoned yellow house
Enshrouded by trees
Empty as dripless spouts
They live for free

There are other secluded homes
Not in the view of the window
Hitting hard like stone
The city of the sinful

I'm done with this place
It's presence so dead
The flesh of my face
Melting in bed

III.
Hollow be the shell
No grocery store in sight
Witches cast spells
Darkness turns to night

Imprisoned by thought
You'll live another day
Lay your soul to rot
The worms prefer decay

Children not spared
The journey begins
In the same breath
As the journey ends

An Ode to Herlena

I.

I miss your laughter,
smiles as wide
as the Rockies.
The way you
talked your shit
holding cigarettes
to your lips.
I miss being your baby.
I miss being your
everything.

II.

What mama said
Never left my head
The tears we shed
The ills of the
World we dread
What mama said
Never left my head
The lies we're fed
Filled with truth instead

Thanksgiving

The capitalist & imperialist
Are thankful for genocide.
Thankful for colonialism.
Thankful for scientific racism.
Thankful for Manifest Destiny.
Thankful for supremacy.
Thankful for revisionist history.
Thankful for destruction.
Thankful for master narratives.
Thankful for the slave trade.
Thankful for annexation.
Thankful for blood-soaked land.
Thankful for treaties.
Thankful for broken promises.
Thankful for guns.
Thankful for disease.
Thankful for genocide.
Thankful for bringing.
The world to its knees.
The capitalist & imperialist.
Both sit at one table.
Devouring the pickings.
Of modern serfdom.

Spirit of Ruthie

She found love in a man with a love for stuff.
Surrounded by a junkyard of needless things.
Arriving with bruises long physically healed.
A history of abuse, the apple of his eye.
All the car parts, soda cans & lawn chairs in the world
Could not account for what he had found.
A truth-telling, Yodaesque, wonder of a woman.
The beatings, the fighting, the surviving hardened molten lava.
Sisters & daughters experiencing similar forms of violence.
The mad dash to a self-hating, patriarchal, slice of pie.
At the expense of the foundation of every black community.
Women on the front line of all struggles. Repressed in every aspect.
The valiant efforts of aunts, nieces, & grandmothers with their
Heads held high through the most turbulent times of human history.
It was they who ensured our survival then & now.
What a gift they are to history & their descendants.
Cherishing every bottled moment until their very last.

Jumping the Broom with Strangers

You don't pray to a God
You don't believe in to
Be on the safe side.
Falling to your knees
In scattered disarray
Accumulating dust until
Your presence can no
Longer be ignored.
When pests arrive or the
Cleansing of spring.
Swept in displacement.
The end of time was not
Supposed to be like this.
The apocalypse in the form of men
With mysterious instruments,
Savory liquids & sweets.

Dollar Store Blues

Until you start lovin'
Us right
We won't go back
Tonight
Until you nourish the
Hood
You ain't doin'
No good
Get off the block &
Bring back the
Grocery shops
Your frozen
Goods ain't doin'
No Good
You sellin'
They buyin'
Like you knew
They would

Digital World

You can't Control+Alt+Delete yourself in the physical world
Or is the digital world becoming the physical world?
Robots mimicking our characteristics
Simulated realities, virtual fantasies
One hunk of junk connecting us to the globe
It is said to be a burden
It is said to be worth it
It is said to be a circuit
It is said to be a circus
What can technology offer that we cannot offer ourselves?
We will digitalize ourselves to the caves we once dwelled
All that is technological will be human
And all that is human will be technological
Avoiding dusty roads patrolled by AI's
Adhering to mechanized police forces with self-driven cars
Being taught by screens instead of beings

www dot

Who is that peeking
through the dot
centered at the
top of my screen?
Who is that mining
& collecting my data
surveying my whereabouts,
listening to my phone calls,
reading my texts,
and emails?
What do they like to do
in their spare time?
What kind of life
did they lead before
all of this and when can we
grab a drink some time?

it turns out birds really like trees

gps systems ingrained
in their bodies
aviators of earth
singing to the world
from sunup to sundown
building homes with
small pieces of life
in hopes of raising
their babies as
they'd been raised
nourished to strength
migrating over bodies
of water to better places
they know as much
if not more than we do
they know love
they know life

Essential Is
Code for Disposable

We are lambs
We are cattle
We are flesh
to be used
blood to be spilt
We are caretakers
We are preparers
each part to be
drained hacked & sold
We feed we clothe
We nurture we educate
We cook we serve we clean
We produce all things
We are the masses
We are the people
We are the workers
of the world
reimagining the world
one brush stroke at a time
blending its colors
on newspaper

and paper plates
create a world
where we care
for one another
where we own
what we produce
having only what we need

They Have Never Known Compassion

Price tags hanging
from loved ones
in large freezers
and unmarked
wooden coffins.
Where was our
compassion when
we needed it?
Where was our
humanity?
In Iraq, Libya.
In Congo, Haiti.
Somalia, or Yemen
ingrained in billion
dollar weapons
evaporating
the Creator's children
with our tax dollars.

For My People (Love Will Bring Us Back Together)

After Margaret Walker

I do it for you I do it for me
I do it for the people
until we're free

I do it for millions of ancestors
we'll never find in the ocean
buried beneath roads
buildings and walking feet
I do it for the people under
the watchful eye of the state

I do it for you I do it for me
I do it for the people
until we're free

I do it for African brothers
and sisters living in my heart
fighting to unite the continent

I do it for freedom fighters
and freedom lovers who crushed
what needed to be crushed
and buried what needed
to be buried

I do it for you I do it for me
I do it for the people
until we're free

Afrika Is My Home

The birthplace of humanity
Where civilization came into fruition
Where the sun shines brightest
Home to an abundance
Of ecosystems and resources
Destroyed and extracted
By those that carry
Darkness in their being
Mother Afrika
You shall be free

By Other Means

See the empire
and its neocolonial
proxies for what they are
decaying rotting
showing its rib cage
to the millions it deprives
Sick immoral repulsive
systems of power
ruling circles compradors
lackeys lapdogs possessed
by finance capital
obsessed with living things
only as cannon-fodder
chattel livestock
private property
Yet the colonizer's world
is coming to an end
overdue to be swept into
the dustpan of history
❁
Remember who
we were
Remember who
we are

Remember why
we fight
to resist
to resist
to resist

❁

No more chances
No more talking
No more negotiations
No more deals
No more land
No more gold
No more labor
No more crops
No more massacres
No more famine
No mercy
No nothing
for the oppressor
for the enslaver
for the colonialist
for the imperialist

❁

We are determined
to love the people
We are determined
to care for the people

We are determined
to do no harm to the people
We are determined
to take on any assignment
We are determined
to remain hopeful
We are determined
to struggle for generations
We are determined
to take back what is ours
We are determined
to defeat our enemies
We are determined
to eliminate our oppressors
We are determined
to break the chains
We are determined
to build a better world
We are determined
to choose our own destiny
We are determined
to preserve Mother Earth
We are determined
to preserve humanity

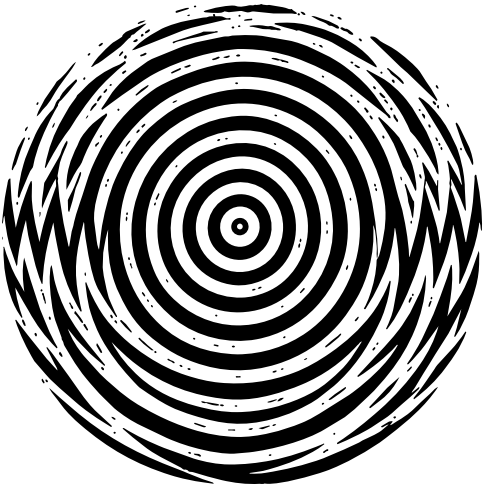
The Empire's Playbook

Their subjects perpetuate
the violence that characterizes
the founding & continuity
of their country.
When they want something
they take it with the force
of God with guns, guns
guns & more guns
with bombs bombs
bombs & more
bombs with drones
drones drones
& more drones.
They blur all lines
regurgitating buzzwords
at the speed of sound.

Innovation = Exploitation
Nonprofit = Forprofit
Inclusion = Neocolonialism
Public–Private Partnership = Fascism
Democracy = Dictatorship
Opportunity = Imperialism

Equality = White Supremacy
Information = Misinformation

O how they fight for
the right to use words
out of context.
O how a lie becomes reality
if it's repeated enough.



The Chronicles of Underemployment

It is neither performance
nor work ethic that is desired
but one's entire existence
beating the dollars out of you
like candy from a pinata.
It is not a willingness
to adapt but tongues
to polish boots.
An eagerness to crush
the will of those
gasping for air.

Haikus But Not Really

I.
The July heat was
Anything but discreet
Eggs could fry on concrete

II.
Off to the heavens
Fleeing their sorrows
Skin gleaming like gems

III.
My companions from
Below ground stopped by to say
Join us on the third

IV.
A bird's shadow
Casts through
Sunkissed blinds

V.
Foaming at the mouth
Life reflected in the light
Of struggle & strife

VI.
Deep sea dive
Into the abyss of
Your subconscious

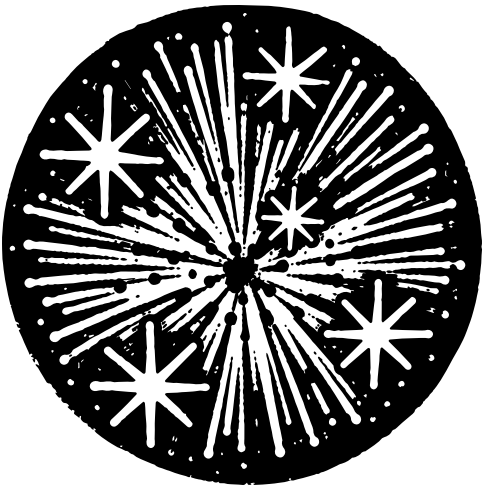
VII.
They want us all dead
So with each and every breathe
We choose life instead

The N@zis That Put Whitey on the Moon

After Amiri Baraka

Did you know a N@zi
sent you to space
thousands of them
summoned to work
on behalf of the
US government?
Did you know their
war crimes were erased
their names changed
in the name of world domination
assigned to pull the strings
of death machines from enclaves
throughout the hemisphere?
Did you know the US Empire
was the blueprint for Nazi Germany
that the enslavement & genocide
of Native and African peoples
were studied with fidelity?
Did you know America

was the N@zis' biggest influence
their finest intellectuals sent
there to learn their ways?
Did you know that their politicians
and corporations are fascists too
bringing darkness death & degradation
to a nation near you?



Every Once and Awhile

Don’t forget to look up
to the sky and be one
with your limitations
Don’t forget to look up
to no one but your people
your fellow human being
Don’t forget to look upon
the waters far and wide
reflecting the sunshine
embodying the light

Redefining Love

Is it love or just
another capitalist pipedream
Is it hate or
white supremacy
Is it national security or
mass surveillance
warfare on the home turf
Is it democracy or
one regime-changing
drone blasting
oil drilling
dope wrapping
endless war after another
Is it globalism or
just good ole imperialism
good ole neoliberalism
Are they representatives or
ruling class lapdogs
Is it love or just
another capitalist pipedream
For love & eurocentrism
don't go together

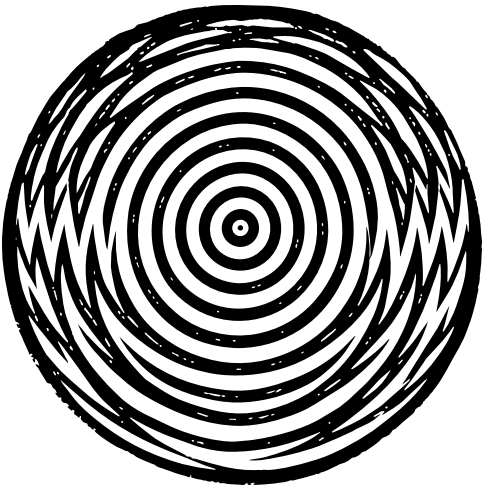
Love is not a tradition
Love is not a metal
or mineral
Love is self-determination
Love is liberation
To love is to be fulfilled
To love is to be human
To love is to be connected
To love is to acknowledge
and care for all living things
linking arms not in rhetoric
but in solidarity in practice
working distributing
making decisions
living communally
with joy with compassion
with an endless state of hope

The Rings of Trees

I've been trying to trace
my roots my lineage
my entire purpose
and came across something
In 1860 a person by
the name of M. Brooks
owned 89 slaves in
Warren County Mississippi
I try to trace my roots
A Mary Shaw here
A Violet Shaw there
A Wesley Graves here
A Nellie James there
So many gaps remain
but that will never stop me
because Africa lives
in all human beings
The center of civilization
The center of humanity
I am a descendant of Africans
I am not American
I am not African American
I am African and so are you

What We Talkin' Bout

We talkin' bout
gun packin'
resource extractin'
never retractin'
fierce reactions
We talkin' bout
racism
imperialism
colonialism
neocolonialism
all done with precision
We talkin' bout
the Indian Problem
the Negro Problem
the Immigration Problem
all caused by them
We talkin' bout
ruling classes
struggling masses
well-dressed fascists
makeshift caskets
We talkin' bout
revolution
retribution
redistribution



Thelma's Song

What I survived
may make you cry
may make you question
whether you're alive
What I survived
may gouge your eyes
may make you want
to grow wings & fly

A New World Is Possible

Fascism is here
It has been here
The thing they told
You not worry about
The thing that only
Existed across the pond
The thing that was
Over a long time ago
But here it is
There it was all along
The dictatorship of
The bourgeoise
Capitalism & imperialism
In endless crisis & reform
The merging of the
State & corporations
Gutting us of our lives
Gutting us of our rights
Gutting us of our dignity
Gutting us of our humanity
We must stand
We must fight
We must remain

We must unite
For our ancestors
Defeated their oppressors
Many times over
Like Queen Amanirenas
Like Queen Nzinga
Like the Maroons
Like our Haitian
Brothers & sisters
We must organize
We must struggle
We must rise
We must arm ourselves
& protect the planet

These Words

O what to do with these
words? How to paste them
like magazine clippings
in collages like those in
the Bible or those in
the Quran like those of
the Great Spirit of which
all praise and worship is due?

O what to do when
words encounter you? When
they become your purpose like
those written and crossed out
in Basquiat paintings, like those
In the manuscripts of Timbuktu
O what to do with these
words?

tales from the morning routine

the sky opens up
the day begins
a mind full
of concerns
a world
of injustice
no undoing
of what is done
tearing down
to build anew
dark clouds
hanging
over millions
billions
haunting realities
until the very end
pay close attention
they are among us
they hover above
the reality show
of human existence
change is inevitable
like breaking a bill
at the register
so strange
yet practical

Telling Stories

As grandma put it
Again & again
Lying to cover up
Other lies lying to
Uphold the next one
A lie to wake up
In the morning
With a cup of coffee
A lie to keep up
With the bills
Yet only truth
Releases misery
Though no one
In the evil empire
The influencers of policy
Ever tells the truth
So despite
lie & lying being curse words
That'll get you whopped
As grandma put it
They keep lying anyways

They lied about
The gas leaks
They lied about
The toxic spills
They lied about
The nuclear waste
They lied about
The water
They lied about
The air we breathe
They lied about
Indianapolis
They lied about
East Palestine
They lied about
Jackson & Flint
They lied about
Turtle Island
They lied about
Monopoly capitalism
They lied about
Settler colonialism

South Side Blues

I.
It's a family thing
To look the other way
To enable to grieve
To hurt to suffer
To trap to hustle
To fight to struggle
It's a family thing
It must be a family thing

II.
I don't believe in ghosts
But I believe in spirits
I don't believe electoralism
But I believe in revolution

III.
Politics of the streets
That's just the politics
Of the streets
Young people die
And babies too
The police military

And intelligence agencies
Flood the streets
With guns and drugs
Then watch as
Chaos ensues

IV.

I'm no one's puppet
I stand with the Creator
I stand with the people
You can't prop me up
& dress me like a mannequin
You can't pull my strings
Because I seek to be
A human again

V.

How many more people
Will we lose before
We rise as one
And determine
Our own destiny
How much genocide
How much murder
How much suffering
How much plunder
Before we unite as one
And take what is ours

eye in the sky

from here to an
undisclosed distance
big brother is on a mission
stories coming to life

the eye in the sky
that learned to fly
the bug that hears you
the intel that commandeers you

closer to life than
one's family or ancestors
nailing down routines
one with their whereabouts

where one likes to get coffee
their favorite shop
& tv shows
watching them make love

observing their breakdowns
exploiting their weaknesses
rummaging through trash
screening devices

chasing leads tailing cars
privacy laid to rest in
the eternal sunshine
of surveillance

The Tragedy of the White Man's World

After The Honorable Marcus Mosiah Garvey

They police us
They kill us
They surveil us
They colonize us
Yet we survive
We thrive
We confide in
the most high

❋

So many things
On my mind
My heart
My spirit
So many things
Said & unsaid
Dead & undead
So many things
To do & to know
To see & to hear
So many things

To acknowledge
To imagine
So many things
Sold & bought
Used & discarded
So many things
In this life
There's just
So many things

Bags in hand trudging
through evening fog
swallowed in the
arms of dimly lit
pathways a cat
lurking near over-
flowed dumpsters
head on swivel outlining
its next move
Last week it was
below zero
today it's 50 degrees

There's no need
to front
There's no need
to pretend

The white man's
world
Is coming to
an end

A captive nation
of 40 million souls
still living under
the dictatorship of
white supremacy
of the bourgeoise
helping our imperial
masters terrorize
& enslave the
entire world

I neither needed
The belt
Nor wealth
Nor to hate self
All I ever needed
Was some help
To be felt

Lord Jesus
The Black
Revolutionary

Messiah
Strike me with
One of those
Lightning bolts
This life ain't
For me no more
I'm running
Outta answers
And my sins
Have come to
Devour me
My sorrow
Has come to
Drown me

A dimension
That only God
Could dwell
A story that
Many will tell
Without cages
Without cells

Horrified by this
Rotten evil
Settler colony
My people cry out

For freedom
For liberation
Yet we're the
Only ones that
Can make it
A reality
That will
Bring it
Into fruition

Black Migratory Patterns

Move
Move on
Move with urgency

Move
Move along
Move with intent

Move
Move forward
Move with history

Move
Move different
Move with love

Say Less

Believe it ignore it
Acknowledge it or not
Whether you can see
Or determine it
Cool with it like it
Identify it or not
You don't get to tell us
Who & what we are
Who to love or who to hate
You are not who you
Purport to be
You are not above laws
Of nature and the universe
You are not God
We done had enough
Of your oppression and
mass-produced poverty
We trudge forward without
Bosses racists patriarchs
Capitalists imperialists
Or settler colonizers
Liberation under construction
A dignified existence
Built upon destruction

The Dunes

We sprinted & rolled down
Hills of sand chalk full
Of youth & excitement
We raced down trudging
Back up looking upon
22,000 square miles of water
Taught nothing of European
Invasions of sacred lands
Wars fought for gain
Game slaves & capital
We galloped over bodies
The Creator's children
Grounds of resistance
Of people sustaining
Mother Earth's gifts
Those that rebelled
Revolted renewed
For millennia
Never giving up

The Art of Philosophizing

Is the physical not
A manifestation of
The mental?
Is the supernatural not
A manifestation of
The natural?
Is the spiritual not
A manifestation of
The material?
Are not all phenomena
All of humanity
Interconnected?

No individual
No hero
No shero
No savior
No saint
No judge
No politician
No celebrity
No mogul
No institution

No corporation
No nonprofit
No branch
No one
Will save us
Only the oppressed
The colonized
The masses
The people
Organized
And determined
Can liberate
Themselves

Most days giving up
Sounds like a good idea
Like a viable solution
That'll only make things worse
Alienation estrangement
Loneliness depression
All deriving from an
Economic base in which
Winners are by the hundreds
And losers by the billions

Mother Goddess

We love you
We thank you
We put nothing
Above you
We put nothing
Before you
We do everything
In your name
Through your will
And your will only
We praise you
We confide in you
We obey you
Mother Goddess

I don't want to sell my labor
Today or any day for that matter
I just want to chill
I just want to read
I just want to write
I just want a moneyless
Stateless classless society
According to the abilities
And needs of all humanity

Rusted Chains

They kill us for daring to be free
for daring to have wings to
fly to each another
They don't want us acting
in our interest
They don't want us to preserve
the essence of our being
They want us shattered
ordering us to pick up
and subsist on the pieces
They want us divided
but we will not be divided
They want us frightened
but we will not be frightened
They wanted us confused
but we will not be confused
We will raise our consciousness
We will become one
We will liberate ourselves
from these rusted chains
Guide us as you've done
Align the stars in ways
that lead us to freedom
Confirm what is already known
Show us that all is possible

An Ode to Ancestors

A tribute to Kwame Ture

Feel them
So it's felt
Here then & now
Living in mind
Living in spirit
Stand where
They stood
Take the same route
Leave prints in theirs
Hear their callings
Hear their warnings
Learn their lessons
Feel them
So it's felt

Iskra Books

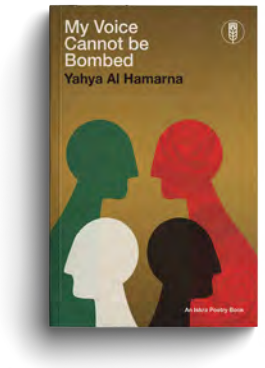
About Daniel Brooks

Daniel Brooks is an editor, poet, educator and public intellectual from Indianapolis, IN. He is a former Minister of Culture for the Black Liberation Party. He is also a member of the Black Alliance for Peace. His work has appeared in *Hood Communist*, *People's Tribune, Hawai'i Review*, *Indianapolis Review*, and more.

iskra books
new york | dublin | london
iskrabooks.org

Iskra Books is a nonprofit, independent, scholarly publisher—publishing original works of revolutionary theory, history, education, and art, as well as edited collections, new translations, and critical republications of older works.

Another Iskra Books title related to this volume:



My Voice Cannot be Bombed
—Yahya Al Hamarna

My Voice Cannot Be Bombed is a searing collection of poems written amidst the ongoing genocide in Gaza. In his luminous debut, Yahya Al Hamarna documents the brutalities of war alongside the fragile rituals of everyday life—studying, walking to the park, reading poetry, preparing tea, mourning, surviving.

For details, free ebooks, ways to buy, contact, and all other inquiries, please visit www.iskrabooks.org

POETRY / BLACK LIBERATION / COMMUNISM

4 My Peoples is a powerful, poetic call to arms from the belly of the empire. Daniel Brooks' urgent words tell of drone warfare, surveillance states, and the fascist roots of American power, while refusing despair and finding rhythm in resistance.

Seeking strength and meaning through connecting with those that have gone before, *4 My Peoples* shows how poetry can still bite, still organize, and speak to and for the people rather than about them.

iskra books

For free digital versions of this and other titles from our catalog, visit: **iskrabooks.org**

ISBN 979-8-2957-3531-8